

G\*\*\*E and D\*\*\*Y

OR THE

Injur'd Ghost.

A

TRUE TALE.

In Imitation of

WILLIAM and MARGARET.

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By a LADY of QUALITY.

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—————Foul Deeds will rise,  
Tho' all the Earth o'erwhelm them from Men's Eyes.

Hamlet.

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L O N D O N:

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# G---E and D---Y

OR, THE

## Injur'd Ghost.

1.

When *All* was wrapt in sable  
(Night,  
And *Nature* sought Repose,  
Forth from its Grave, the restless *Spright*  
Of D---y, arose.

4.

And thrice she gave a piteous Groan,  
And all unfurl'd her Shroud;  
And thrice she sadly shook her  
(Head,  
And thus bespoke aloud.

2.

Her Face was all beset with Woe;  
Her Cheeks were wan with Care;  
Her Eyes were parch'd and sunk with  
That once so radiant were. (Grief,

5.

O G---E! thou Author of this Scene,  
Thy downy Dreams forsake:  
'Tis injur'd D---y that calls,  
Injurious G---E awake.

3.

With solemn Pace, and awful Gloom,  
And Train with Sorrow hung,  
She wander'd to that fatal Room,  
From whence her Sorrow sprung.

6.

Awake and hear that *breathless Voice*,  
Which thy Upbraidings brought:  
Awake! and see that *empty Shade*,  
Which thy Ill-treatment wrought.

7.



7.  
Behold this *Babe*, this *Embrio Babe*,  
That scarce had learnt to *live*;  
Say *Monster*! why did you destroy  
That *Life*, you sought to *give*?

8.  
The \* *MEANS* were horrid as thy Soul;  
The Will was Work divine;  
That Nought from *Me*, might ever  
To be a Work of *Thine*. (grieve,

9.  
See what a Havock thou hast made,  
Vile Pillager of Time!  
To blast the Fruits that Nature gave,  
Before their Summer's Prime.

10.  
How could you (none but yo could do!)  
Cut off my Morn so soon?  
And let my lasting Night come on,  
Before its perfect Noon?

11.  
How could you vow a Lover's Part,  
And yet that Vow forsake?  
How could you win a Virgin's Heart,  
Yet cause that Heart to break?

12.  
How could you, to the prying World,  
Profess such Shew of Joy?  
Yet by your cruel Deeds to me,  
Those gilded Words destroy?

13.  
How have I strove in other Eyes,  
To be all-chearful seen!  
When by your wounding Words, my  
Was bleeding all within! (Heart

14.  
How have I, on my bended Knees,  
Implor'd your Will to know!  
What have I not, to please that Will,  
Resolv'd to under go!

15.  
Why left I, All that held me----*dear*!  
(O dire Decree of Fate!)  
Why gave I pure, untainted Love,  
For undeserved Hate!

16.  
When You was absent from my Sight  
How restless have I been!  
When You appear'd what Joys I felt!  
Yet none in you were seen.

17.  
Wherein had *Nature* wrought amiss?  
Or what had *Art* defil'd?  
Nor *Time* had any Furrows made,  
Or any Feature spoil'd?

18.  
My *Face*, as other Faces, *fair*;  
And I, as Others, *kind*;  
Nor faulty more my *Eyes*, than your's;  
The *Fault* was in my *Mind*.

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\* By being frequently hurried about in a Coach, and as often over-walked, &c.  
She miscarried, when five Months gone with *Child*, and dyed the next Day.

19.

There grew the Beam that overcast  
The *Gifts* which I possess;  
There lodg'd those Savage, poison'd  
(*Shafts*,  
That pierc'd my bleeding Breast.

20.

Why did you, base, dissembling Man!  
Such treach'rous Ills impart?  
To Me---You only gave your Hand;  
To Others---gave your Heart.

21.

Why was I wretched! singled out  
To skreen your deathless Shame?  
Why was a false One deem'd as---*Wife*,  
While I but wore the *Name*?

22.

With *Her* you spent those pleasing  
That did to *Me* belong: (*Hours*,  
*She*, in your *Eyes*, did all Things *right*;  
While *I*--did all Things *wrong*.

23.

Why for these Suff'rings was I born?  
*Perfidious*! tell me, why?  
E'er I beheld thy faithless Face,  
Why suffer'd not to die;

24.

Nor Laws, nor human, nor divine,  
Could stop thy brutal Will:  
Think on thy absent Brother's *Wife*---  
Thy Brother's *Widow* still.

25.

Still Thou enjoy'st that guilty Dame,  
In rank, incestuous Bed;  
Think, where will lodge thy wicked  
(*Soul*,  
When from thy *Body* fled!

26.

Think on the deadly *Deeds* you've done;  
Think on the fatal *Change*---  
Thy *Crimes* rise higher in Account,  
Than *Justice* can avenge.

27.

May *Spectres* stare Thee in the Face!  
May *Horrors* guard Thee round!  
May *Conscience* on thy Footsteps wait,  
And all thy *Thoughts* confound!

28.

May *Egypt's Plagues* disturb thy Rest!  
And ev'ry loath'd *Disease*!  
Till thou hast all my *Wrongs* redrest,  
May all those *Plagues* increase!

29.

And, may the *Partners* of thy Joys,  
Be *Partners* of thy Pain!  
Till they have all my *Sorrows* felt,  
May *Pleasures* be their Bane!

30.

But soft---the *Glow-worm* calls me hence,  
And e'er it call on Thee,  
Atone for ev'ry black *Offense*: ---  
*Farewell*!---Remember Me.

F I N I S.